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perous family puts on a show little better than the poorest village family on religious feast days. Even our assistants felt that the Lims did not live up to the standards expected of them in this regard. "If my mother hadn't raised some turkeys," he continued, "my wife wouldn't even have been able to have the chicken broth when my daughter was born. [This refers to a strongly held belief that a mother must have chicken and chicken broth at least three times a day in the first few days following childbirth.]

"What does this family look like? Who can see it most clearly? I think my grandfather could see it clearest even then. We should have taken some chicken cooked in wine to my wife's family home when my son was a month old. That is the custom—he was the first born and a male besides. We do this to announce our happiness. Uncle was in charge of the money then, and he didn't say a word about it, so my grandfather took his own money and sent someone to Tapu to buy the things for him. The people from my wife's family sent many things back and my grandfather made a special point of showing these things to Uncle. Uncle didn't pay any attention to this. Evidently that made Grandfather very angry and one of our friends came to visit him and found him like that. He said, 'It isn't as though A-bok doesn't work for our family. How can we treat him like this? No matter how poor this family may have become, we are not so poor that we are going to starve to death. It is only because A-bok's father is dead that he has to depend on us to do these things for him. If his father was alive, you can imagine how finely these things would be done!' I didn't know about this until after the friend came and told me. He said my grandfather talked and talked, and all the time the tears rolled down his face. The friend was very worried about my grandfather. He had never cried in his life.

"It was my grandfather who started the factory, not my uncle. When they couldn't make wine in it anymore, it just sat there empty and someone came and asked Grandfather if they could rent it to make paper bags. Grandfather said they could rent it if they would take him in as a partner. This is the way it got started. It wasn't my uncle's doing. My uncle should be teaching the younger generation how to run the factory, but he won't. I think he is afraid to let me or Masa know what goes on there. He thinks that if he doesn't let me know anything about how to run the business, he can take it later without any worries." This was the first time A-bok admitted in my